

The Centurion



The old order changeth, yielding place to the new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways.

Tennyson, Idylls of the King

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 1

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Bob Chamut's . . .

My mother dotes on me and I on her —
At least that was the way it used to be.
Until I began to take my beer straight from the bottle.
Tall and slim, I plug it in,
I'd slug away till emptiness had glugged itself to the
bottom of the bottle

And I was happily contented.
And it was then, so prosaically,
That father, my brothers, and I
(As we grew older, all of us, my father, my brothers
and I)
Would go hunting and fishing and hiking together
and leave my mother at home.
It was then I killed my first big deer,
And watched my father with his
long honed knife sever the throat skin of the sleek
brown deer
and allow the blood to come flowing forth.
I saw them too, mountains pinnacling
high
And struggling trout beyond the tip of my
long quivering rod.
But late one day when I reached for my beer
I discovered it short and squat.
My beer had changed — from tall and slim
to short and squat.
I saw that others' beer had changed
And sat nestled gleaming in now pink hands.

I suppose we should have seen it coming,
As part of the sickness of our age
But my hands and my lips and my tongue
I could not my self to contentment bring again
—Only my mother knew how to do that.



EDITORIAL

**Hic crudelis amor tauri, suppositaque furto
Pasiphae, mixtumque genus, prolesque biformis
Minotaurus inest, Veneris monumenta nefandae.
Virgil, Aeneid, Bk. 6, ll. 24-26**

*There . . . the Bull's brutal passion, and Pasiphae's
secret union with him; and there in the midst, as a
warning against wicked love, the hybrid offspring,
child of two breeds, the Minotaur.*

As the symbolist has peradventure devined, the above photo of Mephistophilis and the editor is an attempt to represent the tone which we hope to impart to our new Centurion — one of intimacy and earthyness. This by no means inhibits the editor from indulging in a little pedantry, however, as the Virgilian hexameters will testify. In discussing the incestuous endogamy between the ethereal bulletin Stylus and the vulgar chronicle Centurion, and describing the prodigious off-spring of this unholy union, the mythological analogy was so felicitous as to prove irresistible.

Our Minotaur comes by his name naturally through patrilineal descent, but as often happens in the best of families, maternal influence dominates — at least it is to be hoped that the new Centurion is something less than half bull.

Without attempting to supply a butcher's chart for the poor beast's carcass, perhaps we should hazard a few remarks on the contents of this issue. These must serve as introduction, elucidation, or justification, as the case demands.

The most signal observation, we think, is the theme which will be seen to pervade the entire issue. This, we hasten to add, is no attempt to force contributions

The Centurion

Incorporating Stylus (*burp*)

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University of Victoria

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All contributions should be typed, double-spaced and sent to *The Centurion* via the student mailboxes, poked under the door of the Minor Publications room in the Student Union Building, or furtively slipped to any of the above. All contributions will be promptly acknowledged.

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into a Procrustean bed, and it plays no part in the editors' selective process. It is merely an effort to discern whether the various components, selected on their individual merits, betray some common intrinsic which may be taken as an "expression of the times" — if that doesn't sound too lofty. Our policy is to underscore this theme in our choice of cover, layout, and editorials. Thumb on the pulse and all that.

The thematic sinew which seems to emerge this issue is not to be unexpected. It is one of change — transition, if you will, and of fresh approach. It is, we think, symptomatic of both the minor revolutions taking place in our microcosm, such as, the new university status and its repercussions, and the cataclysmic upheavals in the universal sphere of reference — for example the change over to "stubby" beer bottles,

(continued on page 8)

Thoth, as a Small Boy

KENNETH W. FOSTER



Watched by a crane,
Thoth climbed over the rocks
To the tide pools
And stared back at a light green pie
With a round green eye.
The sea anemone waved like a fool.

Right of the Dog Star, Orion,
Shouldering club and shield,
Reddened by Beteljeuse . . .
Thoth traced him out on the sky.

Thoth fell into the tide pool
While searching for minnows
And swallowed four whole.
He puked them into his pickle jar.

Orion,
The handsomest man alive,
Killed wild beasts for love.

Jump, Thoth, jump;
The world goes round, but do not frown;
If you get caught, give it no thought;
But don't stand round:
Run, Thoth, run.

Hieron, king of Syracusae,
With hemp from Iberia, timber from Aetna,
Launched a ship with twenty banks of rowers,
Garden beds of grape and ivy bowers,

Thoth, the Egyptian god of intelligence and the inventor of letters, noting down the result of the trial and behind him the monster Amemit, the devourer from the funerary Papyrus of Ani.

Rooms with tessellated floors,
And fragrant cedar doors,
Bronze tubs and marble sinks,
And javelin launchers which hurled two
hundred yards.

Stung by the chasing scorpion
His love set Orion up on the sky.

Using ships like cups to ladle water
Archimedes tossed Marcellus' crews
On the rocks of Syracusae.

Clutching a minnow in his hands,
Thoth slit its skin and guts;
And after slashing out its heart
(Still moving in his hand),
He dropped his jar into the pool
And ran to show the others.

The crane has gone.

Eos blushes at dawn
For loving wet Orion.

A CERTAIN ROOM

MIKE STEPHEN

"Still raining."

The clerk turned from the window and walked back through the lobby to his station at the desk. The remark went unnoticed. The only other person in the hotel, the old Negro who had served as bell-hop for thirty-one years now, was asleep and snoring softly in the lobby's only chair, oblivious to the incessant patter of the rain on the window above him.

The clerk took a rag from beneath the counter and idly began to dust everything he could reach without moving from his stool. This was a new game; he had thought of it only last week and it still held some fascination for him. He could just reach the service bell at one end of the counter and, by tilting his stool slightly and stretching, he had found that his fingers just reached to the hotel register at the other end. Only yesterday he had found that by swivelling around on the stool and catching his heels in its lower rung he could fling himself upwards and catch hold of the bottom row of mail pigeon-holes on the wall behind the counter. Soon the game would not be exciting any more, and he would have to find a new one. Last year the old woman who had inherited the hotel had come in and found him playing one of his games. It didn't really matter because no one came to stay at the hotel any more, but she had told him that his time might be better spent fixing the place up a little bit. He was quite enthusiastic about that at first, and brought in paint and brushes and wallpaper for some of the rooms, and polish for the door knobs and the huge brass pot that used to contain a miniature palm tree, but the excitement of having something unusual to do had worn off very quickly and he had gone back to playing at his games. The paint and polish and brushes were lying in a corner of the basement and the wallpaper was lying unrolled the length of the third floor corridor.

It was still raining and the old Negro was still asleep. The clerk tired of the game he was playing and pulled the register over to where he could read it comfortably. Almost immediately he felt guilty that he had done it so impulsively. Looking through the huge leather bound volume, repository of the hotel's whole history back even through the days twenty or more years ago when it was always full of people, was to him an unusually luxurious distraction for which he prepared with a special ceremony. Without the ceremony the pleasure was incomplete.

He had been clerk for forty-three years, coming to his position the year after the hotel was built. In those days it had looked more like a hotel, with rooms full of people, luxurious deep carpets on the floor and the brass and woodwork gleaming; he was something of importance then, people had spoken to him politely. Even twenty years ago there was a palm in the brass pot and more than one chair in the lobby, though the people that came were not so polite any more. Mostly they were young people from the city driving out to spend weekends with their girl friends or their neighbours' wives.

A car stopped outside and he saw a man and a woman get out. The woman waited in the rain while the man went around to the back of the car and struggled with the lock on the trunk. It was an old model car and the man seemed to be having a lot of trouble getting the lock to work. The woman was still standing in the rain watching him; she made no offer of help nor did she come inside. The man had sworn loudly enough now for the clerk to hear him through the window, and his initial hope that he was at last to have two guests to look after became instead a fervent desire that these two people go somewhere else and leave his well-run hotel undisturbed.

The man finally got the trunk door unlocked and dragged out two suitcases. He closed the door and walked across the street to the hotel, motioning for the woman to follow. She came obediently behind him. When the man came to the hotel he set down one of his suitcases and opened the door. The woman did not step ahead to open it for him nor did he step aside to let her enter first; he walked straight up to the desk and deposited his bags on the counter.

"How much you charge for a room here?"

"Four-fifty a night, two o'clock check-out time." The clerk had almost forgotten. "Any particular floor?"

"As far away from you and that goddam' nigger as I can get."

The clerk was too tired to object to the man's comment, and wanted to get him out of the lobby as soon as he could. "I'll give you three-sixteen," he mumbled.

"No!" It was the first thing the woman had said. The man swivelled around and glared at her, but said nothing. She stood looking neither at the man nor at the clerk, her hair dishevelled and wet and a

small puddle of water from her faded grey coat spreading on the uncarpeted floor. "No," she said vacantly, "not on the third floor."

The man seemed poised as if to hit her, but she stood unflinching, her hands hanging limply at her sides. He turned back to the clerk, who perched nervously on his stool.

"Alright," the man growled, "Gimme a second floor room."

The clerk took a key from the rack beneath the empty pigeon-holes. "That's room two-eleven, then; would you like to have your bags carried up?"

The man jerked his thumb back over his shoulder. "By him? I'll take 'em up myself." He seized his bags and started towards the stairs motioning the woman to follow him. He did not even hear the clerk asking him to sign the register.

* * *

The woman followed the man up the stairs meekly. He turned at the second floor landing and strode along the corridor to the room, a suitcase in each hand and the key clenched tightly between his teeth. Two-eleven was not locked; the door sagged on rusty hinges. Faded beige curtains hung from the window, revealing a triangular expanse of grimy glass. The room was uncarpeted and contained a bed, covered with a dusty counterpane, set against one wall and an old desk, the finish of which was cracked and scarred, lodged crookedly against the other. The man dropped the cases on the floor and strode over to the window, flinging the curtains aside. The woman pattered over to the bed and perched on the edge, her feet just reaching to the floor and her hands folded in her lap.

"What a goddam' crummy room!" The man had turned from the window and was glaring at the woman. "Why the hell did you want to come to a dump like this anyway?"

She rose, unanswering, and removed her coat, carefully spreading it on the end of the bed. The man repeated his question.

"It's really not such a bad place as all that," she ventured, "and we're only going to be here for the night."

The man didn't bother to push the point any further. He took off his coat and slung it on the desk. "I'm going to sleep," he informed her, "I'm tired after all that damn driving."

"Yes," she said, "It has been a long drive. I'll go out and walk around for a while so I don't bother you."

The man grunted and collapsed on the bed, kicking off his shoes before he buried himself in the counterpane. The woman stood quietly in the middle of the room listening to the soft drumming of the

raindrops. She tiptoed over to the window and looked out on the street below, then pulled the curtains to and stood waiting in the dim room watching the still hump beneath the counterpane. When the man began to snore heavily she turned and walked quietly over to the door. She took one last look at him, her eyes utterly expressionless, before she shut the door softly behind her.

The corridor was lit by one small window at the far end. The woman walked slowly toward it, peering into the rooms as she went. All of them were the same. The doors stood half-opened, revealing small squalid cells with cracked windows, soiled furniture, and patched and peeled wallpaper. One of them she went into and inspected more closely; there was the same dirty window with its mouldy curtains, the same bed with its dusty counterpane and the same desk set against one wall, this one with its drawer open and the contents, a book and a ragged square of yellowed paper, tipped on the floor. She stooped and picked up the book, one hand cradling it gently while the other wiped the dust from the cover. She opened it and tried to read the faded inscription on the fly-leaf. Deftly she smoothed out the pages that had been bent by the fall, and placed the book on top of the desk. The piece of paper she folded neatly and placed inside the book before she left the room.

The window at the end of the corridor was partly open, and the rain had come in and formed a small puddle on the floor beneath. Above the window was a small electric sign saying *Fire Escape*, but it was not working properly and only the second word was lighted. The woman tried to lean out of the window, but it was not open far enough for her to do it comfortably. She struggled with it until it finally moved upwards several inches and jammed tight. Leaning on the sill she twisted her head upwards and let the raindrops fall onto her face. The water dripping from the ironwork above tasted of rust and made her eyes sting. She turned away in distaste and pushed herself back inside propping one hand on the fire escape. The whole structure creaked and swayed and released from above a cascade of brackish water which splashed onto the woman as it struck the window ledge.

She jumped back, and stood transfixed and shivering. Then she turned and retraced her steps quickly down the corridor. The door of the room where the man was sleeping had blown slightly ajar, and she could hear him snoring inside. She passed the room quickly without turning her head. The sound of his muted snores pursued her until she reached the stairs that led up to the third floor.

She hurried up the double flight of steps to the next floor, and leaned to catch her breath on the railings at the top. A sudden flap and a hissing noise startled her. She looked up and gasped. Down the long dim

corridor was unrolled like some serpentine monster huge and shadowy coils, and at the end a window with no glass at all the rain blowing freely in, a small puddle reflecting in the darkness the staccato blinking of the electric sign hurling crazily at her and wildly, "Escape, Escape, Escape." A gust of cold wet air blew down the hall and the monster lunged out at her. She recoiled against the bannister, the back of one hand pressed into her mouth. The monster was flapping and stirring crazily, disturbed and come suddenly to life. She took two steps backward down the stairs before she recognized the rude roll of wallpaper for what it was. The flapping subsided as the wind died, and the corridor was still. In a minute she started forward again, and pressing herself as closely as possible to the wall she moved resolutely along the corridor.

On this floor nearly all the doors were shut. She glanced up anxiously at the room numbers as she passed them. At one she stopped and looked more closely, then tried the knob. The door was unlocked, and opened easily. The curtains were drawn and the room was in almost total darkness; she stood for a while just over the threshold waiting for her eyes to adjust to the light. There was a carpet, and in one corner an old lampstand. Her hand ran along the wall until she found the switch; the lamp flickered brightly and then went out. She edged around the wall past a desk and an armchair until she found the window. She parted the curtains and looked out. It was getting dark now, and still raining. Eyes closed she turned from the window and walked directly towards the bed, halting exactly one step in front of it. She stood there for a very long time looking down at the wrinkled and dusty counterpane, then knelt and smoothed it out, her hands moving slowly and caressingly over the faded material. Eventually she rose and smiled, then sat on the bed's edge, leaning backwards on her elbows and winking at the armchair. With the toe of one shoe she loosened the other, flipping it into the middle of the room; the remaining shoe dropped where it was on the carpet. She raised herself and held both her arms out towards the chair, then walked over to it and sat on the arm. She collapsed into it giggling, her legs dangling over the edge. Slowly she peeled off her stockings and let them fall to the floor. Then tumbling out of the chair and laughing she danced over to the bed and stretched out on it. She mumbled something faintly and wagged a finger at the armchair.

There was a crash in the corridor as a door banged, and a gust of wind hurled a torrent of rain against the window. The woman sat up and listened. Downstairs the man was calling her. Leaping from the bed she pattered across the room and picked up her stockings. She dropped into the armchair and pulled them on hurriedly. The man's voice was closer; he

was coming up the stairs calling her name loudly. She struggled with the clips, then picked up her shoes and ran out of the room, pulling the door shut behind her. The man was nearly to the top of the stairs now. Leaning on the door knob and panting she pulled on her shoes, then stood up and faced the corridor.

The man was standing in the gloom at the head of the stairs, peering intently down the corridor.

"Is that you?" he challenged. "Where the hell have you been? I been lookin' all over this rat trap for you."

The woman walked towards him, her feet scuffing on the wallpaper.

"I was just looking around," she said, "I didn't want to disturb you."

"Nothin' to see in this hole," he said gruffly, "let's get outta here and find someplace to eat."

The woman followed him down the stairs without speaking. In the lobby the clerk was drawing pictures with his finger on the windowpane. The old Negro was awake, and he bobbed his head several times, grinning inanely at the man. The clerk turned when he heard them.

"You didn't sign the register," he said a little peevishly. The man strode to the counter, yanked a pen from his pocket and scrawled in red ink across a whole page. He glared belligerently at the clerk, then caught the woman by the elbow and steered her out into the street. She stopped just outside the door.

"I forgot my coat," she said.

"We're goin' in the car anyway, so it don't matter," he said, "C'mon."

She followed him to the car. As he turned the ignition on the man was mumbling angrily. "Christ, some wife I got; first holiday I get in three years an' she spoils the whole thing by naggin' and naggin' that we stop over in a stinkhole like this for a night. Why, I ask you, why of all places this place? Christ Jesus, women! who can unnerstand 'em."

DON'T MISS



THE BIRDS

By ARISTOPHANES

November 20 to 23
and 27 to 30

Gordon Head Theatre Hut

It's a Real Turkey!





A six second exposure of fireworks' display gives dramatic effect. Photos were taken with Zeiss Contaflex using f-stop of 2.8. Camera was mounted on tripod. The specular effect of the light on the water adds dimension. *Pictures by John Philion, President, Photography Club.*



Boy, nothin' like a good hot cuppa coffee first thing on a cold morning.

EDITORIAL

(continued from page 3)

which every man with any pretence to aesthetic sensitivity must deplore.

The poetry seems to treat this theme with a consistency surprising in its spontaneity, while much of the prose deals with it in specific focus. The cartoonery is less remarkable in conforming, for the campus cartoon traditionally relies upon a unique, far-fetched and even shocking viewpoint, rather than glib humour or professional daughtsmanship. The cartoons in this issue are experimental—perhaps even esoteric. As Mr. Chamut has suggested the western should be examined with a background of Johnny Cash torturing the lyrics of "Don't take your guns to town, Bill", while a surfeit of Hollywood epics is required to fully enjoy the classical parodies. They are among the few pieces in the magazine which have not enjoyed some previous forum of legitimate criticism and comments will be appreciated.

A page of letters to the editor will be established to provide scope for criticism and to serve as a vinculum between issues. It is our belief that a literary publication should provide a literary facet to college life, not an annual anthology to be placed at the bottom of one's summer reading list.

Registrars AND

LADDERS

A NEW GAME

Start game. Throw die.	Set up pup- tent nite before in parking lot.	Overslept till 5 am. Last in line. Miss 6 turns.	Noon. Half- way to door.	3 pm. Made it to door.	Wrong door. (washroom) Go back six spaces.
Line begins to move! Go ahead one space.	Grow a beard.	Wait 200 more.	Next day. Made it inside. Wait 200 turns.	Closing time- come back tomorrow. Go back to pup-tent.	Found right door. Go ahead one space
Trampled to death. Go to Hell. Exchange stu- dents go to Nirvana.	Out of smokes Suffer!	Forgot glasses. Can't read a bloody thing. Back to start.	Can't find Section 8. Forfeit three chips	Prefrontal Lobotomy 101 not offered. Go to UBC	All lectures at 8:30 am. Flip your ruddy muffin.
Filled in your time- table side- ways. Back to Station Three.	You filled in your timetable upside-down. Return to Sta- tion 3 to get new form.	All sections of English 100 full. Miss one year and try again.	Find out Math 100 is prerequisite to Sanskrit 418. Go back four years.	History 304 prof reads Will Durant. Switch to Paleopedol- ogy 445.	Wait in line for Station Six. Wait. And wait. Miss eighty spins.
Filled in timetable backwards. Go to observation ward.	Filled in timetable edgeways. Hooo, boy.	Filled in woman at timetable desk.	Go to jail. Go directly to jail. Do not pass GO, do not col- lect \$200.	Psychology 491 for white rats only. Go to Wooded Wonderland.	Oops-signed up in UNTD. Go to Viet Nam.
It was a right hand turn. Take out plate glass window.	Slid on waxed floor. Miss one turn.	Standing in wrong line (Sally Ann soup line) Miss 500 turns.	Pause to eat lunch. Miss ten deals	Girl friend ran out. Follow her, idiot.	Ball-point ran out. Go crazy.
Get bill. \$500	Get sick.	Missed Stations 4 to 18. Go back to soup line.	Missed 45 lectures in last year's course. Sign up again.	Chrissake! There's a gorilla in the line-up.	Punched in mouth by Medical Services Nurse.
Cashier won't take Confederate money. Go back to Ol' Miss.	Jetting closer. Almost out.	Cashier's office in sight. Crawling now.	Feverishly signed up for 12 courses. (Who cares what?)	Made pass at Moose's girl. Six more spaces, in bridge- work.	Met "Moose" Anderson. Last year's friend. Go ahead one space.

COLLAGE



SUB Building director has given a definite “maybe” for an art exhibition by Victoria artist **Herbert Seibner** in the SUB lounge this week. As Seibner has been commissioned to do a mural on the SUB this year, it seems like a good idea to become acquainted with his work. We’ll have to live with it a long time.

* * *

Original music for Yeats’ *At the Hawk’s Well*, composed by **Glen Vallance**, appears on the next page.

* * *

Somehow, by some inexplicable coincidence, the Arts and Letters Club, notorious for their gaucherie in public relations, manage to corral thirty-five new members and re-brand fifteen veterans on Club’s Day. On top of that, by some even more inexplicable coincidence, the club happened to cop a \$50 award for having one of the three best booths set up. There were some faint cries concerning “instant Kulture”



and “get your red-hot sophistication” heard around the booth.

When asked about it, club president **Daniel O’Brien** said, “There’s one born every minute.”

* * *

Lawrence Russell’s one act play, which appears on the following pages, is tentatively set to form one half of a spring production by the Players’ Club. The idea is to present two student written, directed, and acted plays in the Theatre Hut. This should be a good trick, especially since the second play hasn’t been written yet.

* * *

Anybody who thought last year’s Players’ Club production of *Mid-Summer Night’s Dream* was ambitious, ought to take a small look at this year’s offering. **Aristophanes’ The Birds**, adapted by **Dr. Peter Smith**, and directed, of course, by **Carl Hare**, now sports a cast of 42, with about 125 people engaged in production. There’s six different sets, over 200 props, and 20 original songs composed by **Chester Lambertson**. Players’ Club members have consumed, at last count, about 50 bottles of aspirin (large size).

* * *

The Arts and Letters Club anthology night last October 11 was treated to **Robert Foster**’s interpretation of **W. B. Yeats’** verse drama, *At the Hawk’s Well*. The production gave the 80-odd people attending a chance to see one of the seldom performed Yeats’ dramas, and most of them left with a decidedly different idea of the Irish gentleman. **Dr. Ann Saddlemeyer**, University of Victoria’s Yeats authority, said she was “surprised and delighted by the calibre” of the play. The pacing was a bit uncertain, she felt, but the “costumes, masks and sets were superb.”

“Whatever preciousness there was, was Yeats.”

Music For Yeats' At The Hawks Well

Glen Vallance

I call To The Eye of The Mind

Flute

Chant: I call to the eye of the mind, A well long choked up and dry

And boughs long striped by the wind And call to the minds eye

Pillar of an ivory face Its lofty, dissolute air

A man climbing up to a place The salt sea wind has swept bare

What Were His Life...

Flute

Chant: What were his life when done, Would he save by this on win.

A mother that saw her son Doubled over a speckled skin

Cross-gained with ninety years Would cry, How little worth

were all my hopes and fears And the hard pain of his birth

Why Should I Sleep...

Flute

Chant: Why should I sleep The heart cries for a hand The wind is beating a hand

through the sky; I would wander always like the wind

Dance

Flute

Chant: The man that I praise cries out the empty well

Lives all his days where a hand on the ball, can call the micklous

To the comfortable door of his house who but an idiot would remove

On stones in a wall

The Man That I Praise...

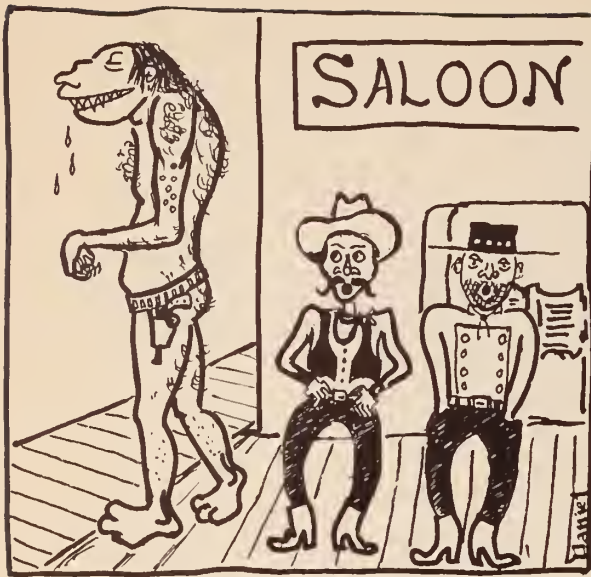
Flute

Chant: The man that I praise cries out the empty well

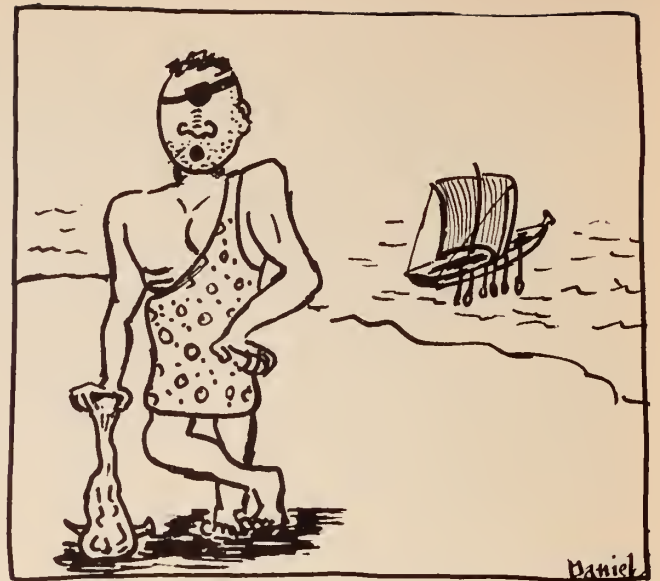
Lives all his days where a hand on the ball, can call the micklous

To the comfortable door of his house who but an idiot would remove

On stones in a wall



Oh, oh, he's packin' a gun.



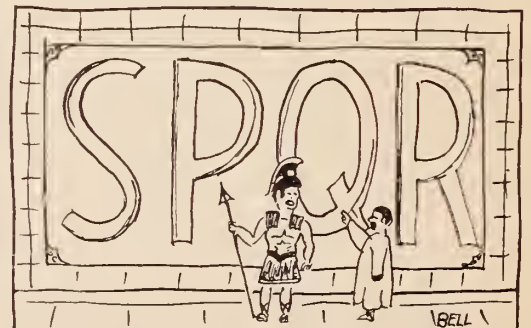
Clever . . . Oh h CLE-E-E-VER.



Funny . . . Fun-e-e-e-y!



Four ball in the fat guy's mouth.



Oh, how the hell should I know?

There's A Hole In Your Floor, Good Woman of the House



A Play in One Act

by

Lawrence Russell

CHARACTERS

WALTER: An Arts student in his early twenties.

DOUGIE: An Arts student in his early twenties.

TERENCE: An engineering student, and therefore a little less refined than the previous pair, also in his early twenties.

JOE: A carpenter, in his forties.

THE GOOD WOMAN OF THE HOUSE: The landlady, about thirty, mildly attractive, and later known as, Barbara.

LOCATION

BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND, in recent years.

SCENE ONE

(The stage is in complete darkness. A drunken male voice is heard singing, "Danny Boy", and there is frequent female laughter. This lasts for a minute or so, and then one or two female giggles and "Good

nights" are heard. A door closes OFF LEFT and the singing trails off. SnORES are heard, and the sound of a clock ticking. Suddenly, there is a yell, followed by a thud, and splintering. There is a pause, and then a tired voice groans, "Ah, shut up." Once more the sounds of the clock and snoring are heard. Light gradually infiltrates via the window. There are two occupied beds, LEFT and RIGHT, in the room. From under the RIGHT bed protrude a pair of feet. Many black stout bottles can be seen littered around the floor, and on the dresser near the window. Between the two beds—about CENTRE stage—a jagged hole, about two feet in diameter, can be seen. A body stirs in the RIGHT bed. It is WALTER. He slides awkwardly out of the bed, and stretches. He is still dressed—a large black sweater and dark slacks. He stands in front of the window, looking out, and continues stretching. He then opens the window, CENTRE, and puts out his head. A seagull squawks.)

WALTER: Shut your gub! (*He closes the window, turns around, and sees the hole*) Hey! Terence! Hey, Terence! For the love of God would you look at this!

TERENCE: (*Groans*) What the hell are ye talking about?

WALTER: A chasm! There, damn you! You'd think a cannon ball went through the floor!

TERENCE: (*Sitting up*) How did that thing get there?

WALTER: How would I know! Dougie! You paraletic skut! (*He drags DOUGIE from under the bed*) There's a hole in the floor! (*He drags him over to the hole*)

DOUGIE: My back, curse you! (*He rolls over on his side, and rubs his back. He sees the hole*) What is it?

TERENCE: It's a hole, ye fool. Ye've seen plenty o' them.

WALTER: The plaster's in the other room. Somebody in here did it.

DOUGIE: Not me! I passed out early on.

TERENCE: It wasny me!

WALTER: I don't get it.

TERENCE: There must be an answer!

WALTER: Might have been kicked in.

DOUGIE: It seems the only way. Big party last night. And I need a drink to clear m' head. (*Exits to the kitchen, OFF RIGHT*)

WALTER: I heard a bit of a yelp last night. Like a banshee. You walk in your sleep, Terence. It must have been you.

TERENCE: Look, lad. I don't remember anything like that.

WALTER: You never do.

TERENCE: Look, my foot would have been broken!

WALTER: The good woman is going to have a fit, boys. It'll mean the bum's rush, no less.

(*DOUGIE returns from the kitchen, RIGHT, with a beer bottle in his hand. He comes over to the hole.*)

DOUGIE: She'll have kittens when she sees this.

WALTER: What a bloody fiasco! The mystery of the appearing hole!

(*WALTER leaps onto TERENCE's bed, LEFT, and jumps up and down.*)

TERENCE: Quit it!

WALTER: It was you, you big sodomite! (*Then, with each jump*) It was you! It was you! It was you!

TERENCE: Quit, damn ye! The bed's about t' collapse!

WALTER: The sleep walker strikes again!

DOUGIE: (*Moving to TERENCE's bed, LEFT*) How did ye do it, son?

TERENCE: (*Grabbing WALTER by the legs*) Blast ye!

(*They skuffle on the bed, and TERENCE gets tied up in the bed clothes. WALTER jumps off the bed.*)

DOUGIE: It's a nice hole, you know. Jagged, but nice.

WALTER: Any more Guinness?

DOUGIE: Kitchen. (*WALTER disappears to the kitchen, OFF RIGHT*)

TERENCE: Blast and damn ye all. I say some bugger's got a death ray.

DOUGIE: It's a work of art. A photo should be taken. It will be immortal. An innovation of primeval man. A symbol of violence! Inspiration on the impulse!

WALTER: (*Returning from the kitchen, RIGHT, with a bottle*) Fine and dandy, but the good woman is not a patron of the arts.

TERENCE: (*Sitting on his bed, LEFT, and holding up his right foot.*) Not a mark. I couldn't have done it.

DOUGIE: Don't be so modest, Terry m' boy. It was a reaction from the passion of love.

TERENCE: Gimme a bottle an' shut yer mouth.

DOUGIE: The kitchen, O sleeping sculpturer.

TERENCE: Get me one, there's a good lad.

DOUGIE: Get it yourself.

WALTER: Amazing! (*He kneels down and looks through the hole.*) No one down there.

DOUGIE: (*Getting down and putting his head in the hole*) Ah! A place of meditation. The ostrich has something, you know. What brilliant thoughts are racing through my mind! The toilet is good, but this is better.

TERENCE: (*Grabbing DOUGIE from behind*) I'll stuff ye in the hole, lad. That's where ye said ye'd always like to be!

DOUGIE: Ahh! A pox upon you!

TERENCE: Save the Shakespeare. Speak, Confucius!

DOUGIE: May y' have scabs! Ahh! M' neck! Ahh!

TERENCE: Fits good, doesn't he?

WALTER: He does. Now we know; like Cinderella and the slipper.

TERENCE: Bullet head!

DOUGIE: Let me go, or I'll crucify you! Ahh!

(*TERENCE releases DOUGIE. WALTER leaves the room by the door, OFF LEFT. DOUGIE makes for TERENCE, who eludes him by jumping across the bed. They continue this cat and mouse procedure for several moments, DOUGIE hurling invectives. WALTER's head appears through the hole.*)

WALTER: Yipee!

TERENCE: Dougie, would ye look at that thing!

DOUGIE: Walter! (*He puts his foot at the side of WALTER's head*) Shall I break it off?

WALTER: Damn your twisted little mind!

TERENCE: He's like some poor bastard that's been buried up to the neck in the sand by the Arabs!

DOUGIE: Abdul!

WALTER: Hear me, rabble! The hole is a symbol.

DOUGIE & TERENCE: Oh?

WALTER: It is a symbol of my life. My body is in the underworld of sin. My head is . . .

TERENCE: In orbit?

WALTER: Silence, fool. Get me my drink. (*DOUGIE puts a Guinness bottle to WALTER's mouth and he drinks*) Enough! (*Splutters*)

TERENCE: I'll get a couple more bottles. (*He goes quickly to the kitchen, OFF RIGHT, and returns as WALTER is talking*)

WALTER: My body is sold to the mortal world, my mind to the spiritual. I gaze around, and what do I see? One hundred and one Guinness bottles, every one a phallic symbol. Two beds, dishevelled and battered by lust. A scene of desolation! (*A bell tolls in the distance*) Ha! A signal of doom. The wrath of Allah will be upon us! (*The door opens OFF LEFT, revealing the GOOD WOMAN OF THE HOUSE*) We have indulged in a materialistic night of thrills!

D & T: We have!

WALTER: We drank the blood of the devil! (*DOUGIE gives WALTER another drink*) Black, heinous, and tasty!

D & T: Aye, tasty! (*DOUGIE and TERENCE clink their bottles together*)

WALTER: It drove us to the sin of the flesh.

D & T: It did.

WALTER: Last night, everyone was Lady Chatterly's lover!

D & T: We were!

WALTER: And me—I lay there in the pit of lust with some bag I've never seen before, either in day or night. Sweat and toil, love's labour was never lost!

D & T: Never!

WALTER: As we lay there, locked in a naked and navel embrace, and her breathing sweet little oaths, I'm thinking all the while that I'll never be caught with such an ugly slut again!

DOUGIE: Never again! I've said it too!

TERENCE: But we always do.

ALL: We always do!

WALTER: Our bodies are sold to the cause of communism!

TERENCE: Nationalize the woman!

WALTER: Our bodies to Marx, our souls to Locke!

GOOD WOMAN OF THE HOUSE: Heathens!

(*The trio turn in the direction of the door, LEFT. WALTER has some difficulty, since he is standing*

on a chair which is on a table in the room BELOW.)

TERENCE: The good woman o' the house!

G.W.H.: (*She comes to the hole*) What have ye done? It's wrecked!

WALTER: Wrecked?

G.W.H.: (*Glaring down at him*) Smashed beyond redemption. Pagan! Strong drink has made ye a pack o' wild men!

WALTER: Missus, it's not like what you think!

G.W.H.: An' what's this? (*Grabs the bottle from TERENCE's hand*) An' all these? (*She motions to all the bottles*) An' this? (*The hole*) You're the ring-leader!

WALTER: Me?

G.W.H.: You. I've been easy on you before. But this is the finish!

WALTER: But missus, we didn't do it!

G.W.H.: Do ye think I'm green? Ye were all drunk!

WALTER: Never!

G.W.H.: Ye'll pay fer it!

WALTER: Be reasonable, missus!

G.W.H.: Reasonable, he says. Are ye mad? Look at what ye've done! People have been tarred and feathered for less!

WALTER: How could we have done it, missus? Sure it would have taken a sledge hammer to put a thing like this in the floor!

DOUGIE: That's the gospel, missus.

G.W.H.: Away out o' that! Ye were all drunk. Ye're always jumpin up an' down like a pack o' galoots. That's how ye did it!

TERENCE: Aw, ye couldn't talk reason to this woman.

G.W.H.: You shut yer mouth, ye big lout. I'll no' be spoken to in that fashion under me own roof!

WALTER: Be canny now, missus!

G.W.H.: I've never seen the likes o' this in my life. (*She backs towards the door, LEFT*) It's a disgrace! An' this a respectable, God fearing establishment.

WALTER: I never said that it wasn't, missus!

G.W.H.: Ye'll have to go!

ALL: Oh, missus!

G.W.H.: Ye'll pay the compensation or be out by six! (*The GOOD WOMAN OF THE HOUSE leaves, slamming the door.*)

TERENCE: Hells bells!

WALTER: We're done for, lads.

DOUGIE: It'll cost a wee mint to fix this!

WALTER: Think. All cannot be lost. (*From BELOW, in the room below, comes the GOOD WOMAN's voice*)

G.W.H.: He's standing on my good chair and table!

WALTER: What?

G.W.H.: Get down out o' that, lout!

(*The G.W.H. pulls the chair from below WALTER.*

He utters a short cry, and his head disappears from view. There is a crash, followed by the constant harangue of the G.W.H. Then the door of the room bursts open, LEFT, and in staggers WALTER.)

WALTER: That bitch! I nearly staved myself in!

DOUGIE: Oh, she's a hefty woman!

WALTER: She's an illiterate skut, that's what.

TERENCE: Weak Walter is overthrown by beefy Barbara!

DOUGIE: Sir Walt, of the landless gentry, is brought from his lofty pinnacle by a mere woman!

TERENCE: Reduced to the level o' the bottom class!

DOUGIE: Aye! The proletariat have arisen and overthrown that evil symbol of capitalism, the walking Guinness keg, black Walter!

WALTER: Listen, dumbells. We're in trouble! Can we pay for this? How much have you got? (*He fumbles in his pocket*) A lousy three bob and some coppers!

TERENCE: Half-a-crown and that's me.

DOUGIE: Five bob, maybe.

WALTER: See? All we can raise between us doesn't amount to any more than ten bob. To fix this — God knows how much!

TERENCE: Three quid, anyway.

WALTER: Know something? We'll never raise it today!

TERENCE: That's a fact.

DOUGIE: Maybe the good woman will calm down a bit in a while. Give us time for payment. The scholarship money will be here next week.

WALTER: You think so? You saw what she did to me!

TERENCE: Well, what are we going t' do?

DOUGIE: (*He lifts a bottle*) What else?

SCENE TWO

(It is two hours later. The troubled three are still in their room, and are drinking. General drunkenness is not far off. WALTER is sitting on the LEFT bed. DOUGIE and TERENCE are sitting on the floor, about CENTRE stage, near the hole, and are laughing at something in a magazine. There is a knock at the door, LEFT, and JOE, dressed in khaki overalls, appears.)

JOE: Guid evenin'.

ALL: Hello.

JOE: The guid woman sent me up to ha'e a look at something.

WALTER: This. Come in, mister.

JOE: (*Advancing to CENTRE stage and looking at the hole*) Boys a dear. Powerful altogether.

DOUGIE: Nice, isn't it?

JOE: Aye. You lads have a heifer in here?

WALTER: I think not.

JOE: Ye've been ha'ing a wee bit o' a celebration?

DOUGIE: How could he tell?

WALTER: (*Coming to the end of the LEFT bed, next to CENTRE stage, and sitting on his knees*) What do you think, mister?

JOE: She's a dandy. It'll be a bit o' a job. Quite a bit o' splicing t' do. An' a bit o' plastering in the other room.

TERENCE: How much'll cost?

JOE: Hard t' say.

WALTER: Three pounds?

JOE: Oh, it'll be a bit more than that. Are you lads paying?

TERENCE: I doubt it, somehow.

JOE: It'll take all day t' fix it. Four pound' at least.

WALTER: Would you like a drink, mister?

JOE: That's very guid o' ye.

(*WALTER reaches under the LEFT bed — the bed he is sitting on — and produces a bottle. He brings an opener from his pocket and opens the bottle.*)

WALTER: Here, Guinness, it's all we've got.

JOE: That's guid. Aye, thank ye. I don't mind a wee drop o' stout now an' again.

TERENCE: It's the only good thing those fenian buggers can make.

JOE: Yer right. I'm no' very fond o' those papis's m'self, but they can make grand stout. (*Drinks*) Ahh! Aye, an' their whiskey's no' so bad, either. Not as guid as Bushmills, but still. . . .

TERENCE: I don't like that John Jaimeson at all.

DOUGIE: There's a difference?

TERENCE: Difference? O' course there's a difference!

DOUGIE: Tastes like paraffin oil to me. The whole works of it. Give me the black stuff every time.

JOE: Aye, 'tis hard t' beat. Ahh!

WALTER: Have another one, mister.

JOE: Aw, naw. I'll ha'e t' be going.

WALTER: Go on. Here, another won't do you any harm. (*He hands JOE another bottle*)

JOE: Well, it'll ha'e t' be the last. Thank ye.

TERENCE: A toast. (*He clinks his bottle with the others*) To hell with the pope!

DOUGIE: Ssh! The good woman's one of them.

JOE: I thought she was a dogan.

TERENCE: To hell with her anyway. She's fer putting us out o' her bloody kip, the fenian slut!

JOE: Boys a dear. That's no' so guid.

WALTER: She's got the screws on us, mister.

JOE: That's bad. You fella's 'll be at the university?

WALTER: We are that.

JOE: Ye'll no' ha'e much money, then.

WALTER: Education takes a lot.

JOE: Aye, it takes a lot to become a gent. Me sister Martha's son was there a couple o' year back. Cost them a right wee fortune t' keep him there. Aye. An' she'll no' give ye time t' pay?

WALTER: Looks like we'll be out tonight.

DOUGIE: Huh. If we keep this up, she'll have to get us carried out.

TERENCE: She may get a hearse.

JOE: I'd like t' help ye, lads, but . . .

WALTER: Could you, mister?

JOE: I don't know . . .

WALTER: Oh, mister, it would mean a lot!

JOE: Well, maybe if I told her I wouldny give her the bill fer another week or so . . .

WALTER: That might just do it. Drink up, mister.

JOE: Aye. That's grand stout, Ahh!

TERENCE: Here. (*He hands JOE another bottle*)

JOE: (*He sits down on the edge of the bed, NEAR LEFT*) Thank ye. Aye, well, I'll put it t' her in a mild sort o' way.

DOUGIE: Subtle like.

JOE: Aye, that's it. I mean, it would be a shame t' see young fella's such as yerselves out at the mercy o' the elements, just because ye had a wee bit o' fun.

WALTER: It would. Do you smoke, mister?

JOE: Aye.

WALTER: Give the man a cigarette, Terence.

TERENCE: (*Producing a package from his pocket*) A Gallahers Blue?

JOE: Aye. Thank ye. How did it happen, anyway? (*TERENCE strikes a match and lights JOE's cigarette.*)

WALTER: We think the big lad here put his foot through it.

JOE: Boys a dear. Powerful.

WALTER: He walks in his sleep sometimes. Gets up to all sorts of tricks.

JOE: Guid God, lad. What kind o' feet have ye?

DOUGIE: Elephant's.

TERENCE: I don't remember doing it. The floor's rotten t' the core, and it couldn't have been too hard t' do.

DOUGIE: And the good woman thinks we did it deliberately.

JOE: She's a holy terror, lads. All o' those fenian women are the same.

WALTER: She won't listen to reason.

JOE: None o' them will, lad. That's why we had the Battle o' the Boyne.

TERENCE: Remember 1690!

(*TERENCE starts to sing, "The Sash", a well-known Orangeman song. He is joined by the others.*)

Fer it was old and it was beautiful,
An' the colours, they were fine,
He wore it at Derry, Aughreim,

Enniskillen, and the Boyne,
An' on the Twelfth, I love t' wear,
The sash me father wore!

WALTER: You sing like a true brethern, mister.

JOE: I march every Twelfth!

DOUGIE: And your sash?

JOE: I ha'e a bloody big orange one wi' tassels!

TERENCE: A damn good orangeman!

WALTER: Mister, you're dry. (*He hands JOE another bottle of Guinness.*)

JOE: The name's Joe. Thank ye. Ahh!

WALTER: Do you work for yourself, Joe, or what?

JOE: Yer damned right I do. Got enough o' that, "yes sir, no sir, three bags full sir," balony during the war. I was in the navy. Never again!

DOUGIE: Nothing like being an individual.

JOE: Hardly ever out o' Scapa Flow. Ever been t' Scapa Flow? Make a man's blood turn t' mud. Nothing but bloody rocks an' seagulls.

TERENCE: What sort o' a boat were ye on, Joe?

JOE: Ship, lad, ship. Some aule frigate or other that they bought frae the Yanks. Hadn't even got a name. Just a number. They used it fer a target ship in radar practices.

DOUGIE: Fun an' games, eh!

JOE: It was. Ahh! Great stuff, this.

TERENCE: Another fag?

JOE: Yer a decent man. Thanks.

WALTER: You'll have another drink.

JOE: Boys, I don't know. Should ha'e been gone a long time ago.

DOUGIE: (*Jumping up*) Gentlemen, do you realize something? It's just like a putting green.

TERENCE: Puttin' green?

DOUGIE: Watch. This is the ball. (*He waves an empty stout bottle*) And the hole is the hole. (*He swings his arm*) So you try and put the ball . . . oops! (*The bottle leaves DOUGIE's hand, trundles along the floor, and drops through the hole. There is a dull smash.*)

WALTER: Dammit, Dougie, you're stoned!

DOUGIE: I know.

(*There is a cry from BELOW, downstairs. It is the GOOD WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. The sound of feet running up the stairs, OFF LEFT, can be heard. JOE stands up. WALTER jumps off the bed and DOUGIE and TERENCE scramble to their feet, drunkenly. The GOOD WOMAN storms in the door, LEFT.*)

G.W.H.: O mother o' Mary, what are ye doing? Singing yer party songs an' smashing things! A pack o' galoots!

WALTER: Easy, missus! It was an accident!

G.W.H.: Enough from you! (*She addresses JOE*) Mister! Ye should be ashamed o' yerself! I sent you up here t' have a look at . . . this! (*A wild gesture to-*

wards the hole) An' I find ye here drinking with this bad lot!

WALTER: O missus, calm down, for the love o' God. Listen, we talked to Joe here, and he has a proposition for you!

G.W.H.: You boys are finished with yer heathen ways in this house! Ye can get out just this minute! As fer you, mister, I'll find someone else t' attend t' this business.

JOE: Ye know what ye can do with this job, missus.

G.W.H.: What! O saints preserve us! Get out o' here, mister, with yer foul mouth and dirty mind!

JOE: I'm going. (*He walks unsteadily to the door, LEFT. He pauses in the doorway*) You papis's are all the same. Get the pope t' fix it. He'll be able t' cast a spell on it. (*JOE leaves, singing*)

(*THE GOOD WOMAN is scandalized by JOE's latter remarks. TERENCE and DOUGIE are amused. They start to laugh. The GOOD WOMAN turns on them.*)

G.W.H.: There's the door!

TERENCE: An' a right nice door it is, missus. Would ye like a hole in that, too?

G.W.H.: O Lord, what have I done t' deserve this? It's the devil incarnate! Brute!

TERENCE: (*He lurches over to the G.W.H.*) C'mon darling! Let's jig!

G.W.H.: Let go o' me! (*She pulls herself free*) (*TERENCE then grabs DOUGIE and the pair dance around the room together, TERENCE singing.*)

Me bucket's got a hole in it!

Aye, me bucket's got a hole in it!

A great big hole in it,

An' I'm drinkin' all day!

WALTER: (*Going over to the G.W.H., NEAR LEFT*) Missus, one more chance!

G.W.H.: Get out! You reek o' the foul stuff!

WALTER: Oh, no, missus. . . .

G.W.H.: It's final! (*She goes to the door, LEFT*) Be out o' here before supper or I'll get the law on ye! (*The GOOD WOMAN leaves. TERENCE and DOUGIE continue jigging around the room. WALTER throws himself upon the bed, LEFT*)

WALTER: We're up the creek!

SCENE THREE

(*The room is empty, save for WALTER. An open suitcase is on the RIGHT bed, and articles of clothing are scattered around it. WALTER is collecting the empty bottles and putting them in a cardboard box. The door opens, NEAR LEFT, and in comes the GOOD WOMAN OF THE HOUSE*)

G.W.H.: Yer leaving.

WALTER: That's right.

G.W.H.: Where's the other two?

WALTER: Out.

G.W.H.: Looking fer somewhere t' stay, no doubt.

WALTER: That's right.

G.W.H.: God help the pour soul that has t' put up with ye. Well, it's a pity, but that's the way it is.

WALTER: Is it now, missus.

G.W.H.: Well, ye had yer chance. God knows, but I've put up with a lot from this crew.

WALTER: How often does this happen, missus? Not often.

G.W.H.: Away out o' that with ye. Sure yer always bringing them huzzies up here and kicking up a racket. It wouldn't be so bad if they were decent girls, but some o' them. . . .

WALTER: (*Coming over to the GOOD WOMAN*) Admit it, missus. You've always turned a blind eye to that. It was just last night and today that got you. I mean, the damage and all that.

G.W.H.: That's true. But I gave ye yer chance!

WALTER: It's sad, missus. There'll be nobody around to read Yeats to you. . . .

G.W.H.: (*Sighs*) Aye.

WALTER: I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree . . .

G.W.H.: (*Reluctantly*) Whist, now!

WALTER:

And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:

Nine bean rows will I have there . . .

G.W.H.: Whist, now, I tell ye.

WALTER:

. . . and a hive for the honey bee,

And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

Is'nt it beautiful, missus?

G.W.H.: Aye (*Sharply*) But don't you be trying t' get around me, now!

WALTER: Never, missus. I have a wee present for you.

G.W.H.: (*Suspiciously*) Present?

WALTER: (*Going to the suitcase on the RIGHT bed*) Just something to show there's no hard feelings. (*He fishes around in the case, and produces a small dark green bottle*) Drambuie. (*He comes back to the G.W.H., NEAR LEFT*) It's not quite full, but . . .

G.W.H.: Oh, I never touch spirits.

WALTER: It isn't spirits, missus. As drunk by Bonnie Prince Charlie. Look, see what it says on the back? "Drambuie, a name contracted from the Scot . . . er, the Irish Gaelic: Dram Buidheach meaning, 'The Drink That Satisfies'." There, the drink that satisfies.

G.W.H.: Well . . .

WALTER: Just a minute. (*He runs to the kitchen, FAR RIGHT, and returns quickly with two plastic glasses.*) Here, try a wee sip. (*He pours some Drambuie into one of the glasses*)

G.W.H.: I don't know what the father would say about this . . .

WALTER: He probably takes a wee nip now and again himself. Here. (*He hands the G.W.H. the drink*) Smells good, doesn't it?

G.W.H.: Aye.

WALTER: Look, I'll have a wee sip, too. Make it a sociable drink. You won't have to tell about it at confession. Cheers!

G.W.H.: (*Sitting down on the edge of the LEFT bed*) Cheers. Oh! It's like licorice!

WALTER: (*Sitting down beside the G.W.H.*) Nice, though.

G.W.H.: Oh, aye. An' strong.

WALTER: This is the stuff to enjoy poetry with.

G.W.H.: Oh?

WALTER: Sure Rabbie Burns swore by this stuff.

G.W.H.: Did he now. But was he no' a Scottish poet?

WALTER: He was born in Ireland.

G.W.H.: Was he now.

WALTER: Of course. All the great poets were born in Ireland. The whole works of them. Here. A little more.

G.W.H.: Oh no!

WALTER:

And I shall have some peace there, for peace

comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;

There the midnight's all a glimmer, and noon
a purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night
and day

I hear the lake water laping with low sounds
by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway, or on the
pavements grey,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

G.W.H.: (*Sighs*) Beautiful!

WALTER: You've a true feeling for poetry.

G.W.H.: Ye know, you can be such a nice young man at times. I don't know why ye carry on the way ye do.

WALTER: Ah, missus, you're only young once. Lads will be lads, you know!

G.W.H.: It's a pity about this . . .

WALTER: Have a little more. (*He pours some more Drambuie*)

G.W.H.: Oh, really. . . . It is nice, though.

WALTER: You should get out more, missus. An attractive woman like you.

G.W.H.: Go on out o' that with ye!

WALTER: I mean it. I've often thought. . . .

G.W.H.: Uhm? Thought what?

WALTER: What's the use? I'm leaving, anyway.

G.W.H.: Perhaps I've been a wee bit hard on ye . . . uhm, (*Giggles*) boys will be boys! I was young once, too.

WALTER: You're still young missus. How old are you? Thirty?

G.W.H.: Uhm.

WALTER: You're still young! Not far in front of me, either. You're wasting here. A good looking woman such as yourself should have a man!

G.W.H.: (*She begins to laugh*) The things you say! (*She nudges WALTER*) You are a nice fella when you want to be.

WALTER: Well . . .

G.W.H.: I hear ye when ye have those young things up in here!

WALTER: Now, missus . . .

G.W.H.: I'll have a wee drop more o' that if it's handy. (*She nudges WALTER as he pours it*) Makes me feel a bit light in the head — but nice and warm!

WALTER: Do you good, missus.

G.W.H.: You can call me Barbara.

WALTER: Barbara. A nice name, for a fair woman.

G.W.H.: Go on!

WALTER: You're a mature woman, Barbara. (*She is leaning against him*) Ripe. . . . (*He slides his arm around her, and she giggles*)

G.W.H.: You are nice.

WALTER: The occasion calls for it. I mean, I want to be nice to you.

G.W.H.: Do ye now.

WALTER: You need love, Barbara. It's not right that a woman with your . . . features should be without.

G.W.H.: It might be that I'm just waiting for the right one.

WALTER: Could be.

G.W.H.: Uhm. (*Giggles*)

(*They kiss. The drinks are set on the floor and they sink back upon the bed. The stage is reduced to darkness. There are laughs from the GOOD WOMAN. Gradually they die down. The lights come back on. The GOOD WOMAN is sitting in the middle of the bed in her petticoat, embracing WALTER. He looks over at the hole in the floor and says:*)

WALTER: There's a hole in your floor, good woman of the house!

(*The GOOD WOMAN laughs and embraces him.*)

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